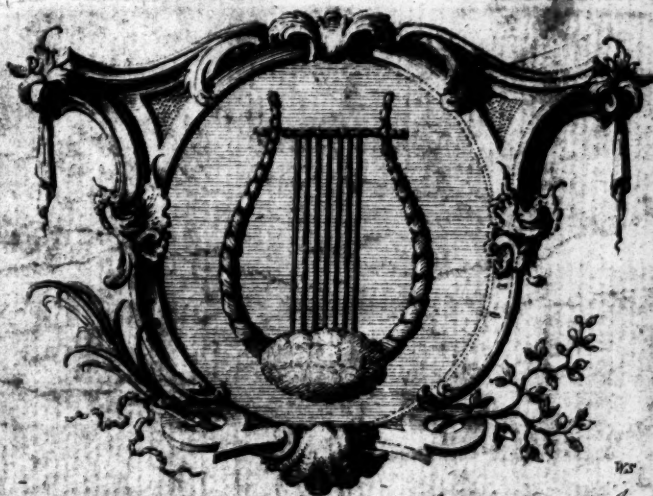


ODES

194

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By Mr. MASON.



Clis. favourite

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM, Printer to the University;

And sold by WILLIAM THURLBOURN Bookseller at Cambridge,
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MDCCLVI.

ODDS



CAMBRIDGE



Printed by J. BENTLEY
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M.DCCCLVI

Wilson *Put* *Henry*

Wilson *Court of Chancery* *George by the Grace of* *Britain*

Wilson *King*

Wilson *Move this, the names of* *Wilson*

Wilson *The gentle tree spontaneous* *Wilson*

Wilson *That wake and thrill this, every nerve* *Wilson*

Wilson *How vainly do I think I know* *Wilson*

Wilson *The soothing sadness of thy warbled note* *Wilson*

Wilson *How vainly sweet you woodland shades* *Wilson*

Wilson *With clouds of fragrance fill the glade* *Wilson*

MOTHER OF WISDOM! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey,

Who bidst their ranks, now vanish, now appear,

Flame in the van, or darken in the rear:

Accept this votive verse: Thy reign

Nor place can fix, nor power restrain:

* According to a fragment of Aelianus who makes Experience
and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

Usus me genuit, Mater peperit MEMORIA,
EXOTIAN vocant me Graeci, vos SAPIENTIAM Latini

The Passage is preserv'd by Aulus Gellius, Lib. XIII. Cap. 8.

All all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
 Rove thro' the realms of Grace, and Harmony:

The Senses thee spontaneous serve,

That wake, and thrill thro' every nerve.

Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomell would flow

The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:

Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade

With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;

Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,

The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.

But swift to thee, alive, and warm,

Devolves each tributary charm:

See modest Nature bring her simple stores,

Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;

While every flower in Fancy's clime,

Each gem of old heroic Time,

Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,

Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse

O D E S.

5

II.

Hail, MEM'RY! hail, Behold I lead

To that high shrine the sacred Maid;
 Thy daughter she, the Empress of the lyre,
 The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.

She comes, and lo, thy realms expand
 She takes her delegated stand

Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train
 Displays the awful wonders of her reign.

There thron'd supreme in native state,

If Sirius flame with fainting heat,

She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,

The cool gale breaths, the silent show'rs descend

Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,

Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,

She, mild Magician, waves her potent wand;

And ready summers meet her wing'd command.

See, visionary Suns arise;

Mid silver clouds, and azure skies;

When Rapture led thee to the Latin shore;

See

See, sportive Zephyrs curl the crisped streams;
 Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
 While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
 That stands beside the crystal wave,
 Sweet Eccho, rising from her rocky bed,
 Mimics the feather'd Chorus o'er her head.

III.

Rise, hallow'd MILTON! rise, and say,
 How, at thy gloomy close of Day;
 How, when "depress'd by Age, beset with wrongs;
 When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;
 When Darkness, brooding on thy sight,
 Exil'd the sov'rain lamp of light:
 Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
 What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse?
 Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
 Caught from the stores of antient Truth;
 Hence all thy busy eye cou'd pleas'd explore,
 When Rapture led thee to the Latian shore;

ODES.

7

Each scene, that Tiber's bank supply'd;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, thro' Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue Serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly Visitant", that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace;
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When GOD, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous Vest.

ODE

Each scene, that Tiber's bank supply'd;
 Each grace, that play'd on Arno's tide;

O D E II.
 The rapid gale, that sweep'd the sky;
 The pine serene, that spread Helpe's bay;
 Were still thine own: thy ample mind

To INDEPENDENCY.

And thence "the mighty Vindicta," that came
 To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
 Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace;

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind

Descend, propitious Power!

And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
 As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
 And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest;
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone thy floating vest.
Unfollied Honor decks thine open brow,
And Candor brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm Content's ætherial glow,
Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray;
Thy fav'rite Swain oft stole along,
And artless wove his Doric lay,
Far from the busy throng,

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
 And badst his soul with bolder passions move :
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love ;
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of Wit he darts around ;
 Ev'n * mitred Dulness learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.

In awful poverty his honest Muse
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land :
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dew,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand ;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

* Parker, Bishop of Oxford.

Will.

QODEE S.

fr

V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
The Muses vestal fires I bring;
Here at thy feet the sparks I spread;
Propitious wave thy wing,
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of Song,
That glares tremendous on the Sons of Pride.
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the Lark's meridian ecstasy.

VI.

" Fond Youth! to MARVELL'S patriot fame,
" Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
" Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
" Still strike thy blameless Lyre:
" Led by the moral Muse securely rove;
" And all the vernal sweets thy vacant Youth
" Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
" O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:

" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
 " And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile."

VII.

" 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall cheer
 " Thy sickning soul; at that sad hour,
 " When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,
 " Thy duteous Sorrows shower:
 " At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
 " When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
 " And fees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine;
 " Winding thy blasted tendrills o'er the plain.
 " At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
 " And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

VIII.

" This fragrant wreath, the Muses meed,
 " That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
 " Where never Flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
 " Or Interest's servile throng;

" Receive,

ODES.

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"Receive, my favor'd Son, at my command,
 "And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's brow:
 "Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
 "I breath on every flower a purer glow;
 "Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
 "To him, who calls thee HIS yet makes thee MINE."

TO A FRIEND.

ODE

ODE III.

On MELANCHOLY.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

AH! cease this kind persuasive strain,
 Which, when it flows from Friendship's tongue,
 However weak, however vain,
 O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
 Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
 And let me muse upon my woe.

Why

Why lure me from these pale retreats?
 Why rob me of these penfive sweets?
 Can Musick's voice, can Beauty's eye,
 Can Painting's glowing hand, supply
 A charm so suited to my mind;
 As blows this hollow gust of wind,
 As drops this little weeping rill
trickling
 Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
 While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
 Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners grey?

II.

Say, from Afflictions various source
 Do none but turbid waters flow?
 And cannot Fancy clear their course?
 For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
 Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
 When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
 Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
 Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?

Ah no, fair Fancy rules the Song;
 She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
 She bids the waving Aspin-spray
 Quiver in Cadence to her lay;
 She bids the fringed Osiers bow,
 And rustle round the lake below,
 To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,
 And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
 The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
 Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
 No channel for the tide of tears;
 To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,
 Where Ivy chains each mould'ring stone
 That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
 May cast a formidable gloom.
 Yet Some there are, who, free from fear,
 Could wander thro' the cloysters drear,

Could rove each desolated life;
 Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile;
 And dauntless view, or seem to view,
 (As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
 Thin shiv'ring Ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
 And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

IV.

But such terrific charms as these,
 I ask not yet: My sober mind
 The fainter forms of sadness please;
 My sorrows are of softer kind.
 Thro' this still valley let me stray,
 Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:
 Whose lofty Genius bears along
 The conscious dignity of Song;
 And, scorning from the sacred store
 To waste a note on Pride, or Power,
 Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
 And warbles mid the rustic tombs;

He too perchance (for well I know,
 His heart would melt with friendly woe)
 He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my how'ring Shade.

IV.
 Taken from ISATAH, Chap. XIV.

But such terrific charms as these,
 I ask not yet: My sober mind
 The fainter forms of sadness please;
 My sorrows are of softer kind.
 Thine, this still valley let me stay,
 Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:
 Whose lowly Genius bears along
 The conscious dignity of song;
 And, leaning from the sacred shore
 To waite a note on Pride, or Power,
 Leaves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
 And warbles mid the rustic tombs:

ODE

ODE IV.

On the Fate of TYRANNY.

Taken from ISAIAH, Chap. XIV.

THE Prophet, having in the preceeding chapter foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins the following Song of Triumph, which he supposes the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled. "** And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this proverb against the King of Babylon, and say, &c.*"

* Verses the third and fourth.

ISAIAH,

Chapter XIV. Verse 4.

Taken from ISAIAH, Chap. XIV.

4. — **HOW** hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!

5. The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers.

6. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted and none hindereth.

* Verses the third and fourth.

7. The

ODE IV.

On the Fate of TYRANNY.

OPPRESSION dies : the City falls :

Behold she bows her golden walls !

JEHOVAH breaks the Tyrant's rod.

The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand

Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,

Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.

Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd Lord ;

Nor spread the seven-fold shield, nor grasp the vengeful sword.

7. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing.

8. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.

9. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations.

10. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?

Thy

I. 2.

Earth fees, and smiles. O'er all the plain,
Peace spreads her olive-scepter'd reign,
And Nature lifts the choral song.
The Fir-trees, on the mountain's head,
Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade;
The lordly Cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the Woodman's stroke.

I. 3.

Hell, from her gulph profound,
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy Heroes all,
Ev'n mighty Kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet, and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light, and vain?

11. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

12. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

13. For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:

14. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

15. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.

16. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying,

Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
 Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
 Proud King! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
 And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

II. 1.
 O Lucifer! thou orient Star;
 That roll'd the Morning's rosy car,
 Refulgent, thro' th' etherial way:
 How art thou fall'n, thou Son of Light!
 How fall'n from thy meridian height!

Who saidst the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.
 High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
 And, as JEHOVAH's self, my voice the heav'ns shall bow.

II. 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,
 Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,

See, where his livid corse is laid.

The aged Pilgrim passing by,
 Surveys him long with dubious Eye;
 And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.

*Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did
shake kingdoms?*

*17. That made the world as a wilderness, and destroy-
ed the cities thereof, that opened not the house of his
prisoners?*

*18. All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in
glory, every one in his own house.*

*19. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abomin-
able branch; and as the raiment of those that are slain,
thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones
of the pit; as a carcase troden under feet.*

Just heav'n's! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

II. 3.

Is this the Man, whose nod
Shook kingdoms: whose inexorable rod
Levell'd majestic cities? Where He trod,
Famine pursued, and frown'd;
Earth sigh'd, and, all around,
Saw her fair fields transform'd to deserts dry;
While, at his crouded prison's gate,
Grasping the keys of Fate,
Stood stern Captivity.

Vain Man! behold thy righteous doom;
Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
The laurel, shades their sacred dust:
While thou, vile Out-cast, on this hostile plain,
Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, amid the vulgar slain.

20. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people: the seed of evil doers shall never be renowned.

21. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities.

22. For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son and nephew, saith the Lord.

III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,

Shall dignify thy trampled dust:

No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.

For why, proud King, thy ruthless hand

Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land;

And crush'd the subject race, whom kings are born to save:

Eternal Infamy shall blast thy name,

And all thy sons shall share their impious Father's shame.

III. 2.

Rise, purple Slaughter! furious rise;

Unfold the terror of thine eyes;

Dart thy vindictive shafts around:

Let no strange land a shade afford;

No conquer'd Nations call them Lord;

Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.

For thus JEHOVAH swears; no Name, no Son,

No remnant, shall remain of haughty Babylon.

III. 3.

23. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

24. The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand:

25. That I will break the Assyrian in my land, and upon my mountains tread him under foot: then shall his yoke depart from off them, and his burden depart from off their shoulders.

26. This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth: and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations.

27. For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?

III. 3.

Thus saith the righteous Lord :

My Vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword ;

O'er all thy realms my Fury shall be pour'd.

Where yon proud City stood,

I'll spread the stagnant flood ;

And there the Bittern in the sedge shall lurk,

Moaning with fullen strain :

While, sweeping o'er the plain,

Destruction ends her work.

Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,

I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.

Th'irrevocable word is spoke.

From Judah's neck the galling yoke,

Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state ;

Thus by MYSELF I swear, and what I swear is Fate.

FINIS.

Thus faith the righteous Lord:
My Vengeance shall nourish the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realm my Fury shall be pour'd.

ERRATUM

Page 3. line 4. for I breath I shall
And there the Bittern in the fedge shall lurk,
Mourning with fallen plumage

While, sweeping o'er the waste,
Defection ends her work.

Yet on mine holy mountain's brow,

I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.

The irrevocable word is spoke.

From Judah's neck the galling yoke

Spontaneous falls, the sinners with wonted hate;

Thus of MYSELF I swear, and what I swear is Fate.